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Gulf to Bridge

IT IS not often that Americans stop to think how greatly we are blessed that the actual fighting of this war is taking place so far from our native shores. It means above all else that the vast majority of us are protected, if not insulated, from any real contact with the horror that is modern war. We know not constant fear for our lives nor the death and destruction loosed from the sky, nor the agony of disease and starvation, everywhere, nor the grinding and demoralization of the conqueror's heel. We read about them in the papers—that is all. And after a decade of such news despatches regularly served up with our orange juice for breakfast, they have lost their power to impress. We are as inured to the shock of rampant human suffering as if these cataclysms were recounted of another planet or another age. Only those Americans with loved ones in the services are really caught up in this total war. For the rest, life with its petty concerns is barely changed. It is merely that sometimes it is a bit more difficult, now, to snatch our little pleasures. And so despite the thousands of volunteers—wardens, factory hands, home guards, Red Cross and USO workers—the gulf between American civilians and service men is widening.

With much of the population comparatively unaffected, how difficult the achievement of many of the things we believe we are fighting for. It is not merely a question of civilian war effort, of efficient armament production and the substituting of bonds and stamps for savings bank accounts. It means that once again we must quicken to the vital necessity of feeding and rehabilitating our fellow-humans in war-torn lands. It means that the development and carrying out of specific war aims become our unrelenting concern now and continue unbroken in the post-war world. "It must never happen again" must be a phrase that refers not to the minor disruptions thus far caused in American daily life, but rather to the general oppression, mass murder, starvation and persecution, and the decimation of the flower of present-day youth in this worldwide conflagration. If the gulf between the men in battle and American civilians is to be adequately bridged and we are to achieve a just and lasting peace, Americans must take to heart and as their own the problems indicated by such terms as: Germany, the British Empire, the Far East, full-fledged American democracy, Soviet Russia.

It is because we cannot afford to live solely for ourselves that we hope that Captain Rickenbacker's interview over the leading radio networks, December 20, received the widest and most thoughtful attention throughout the land. Thanks to NBC we cite a short excerpt particularly worth repeating: "I know that if those of us raising cries of objection to being rationed could visit the battlefields as I did, you would realize the utter shame and infamy of your position. . . . I believe I have been saved by a Divine Providence, but not for my life alone. I am deeply conscious that the mission I have fulfilled is only half of the story of the men I saw in Guadalcanal and in New Guinea and the other battle areas all over the world where your sons, brothers, husbands and friends are fighting for you and me. If I can help you to understand that more is required of each of us as individuals, more and more until you are equaling their effort, because you can never approximate the sacrifices our men are making on the battle fronts; if I could only help you to understand that, then I will be able to enjoy the first afternoon I have spent at home in many weeks."

Chetniks and Partisans

A RECENT spate of information on the highly confused political and military situation in Yugoslavia points a moral. Chetniks (backed, we are told, by the Foreign Office in London) and Partisans (backed by the Kremlin) seem to be fighting each other almost as eagerly as they are fighting the nazis. They serve to underline what is a fact. Russia is today a heroic and noble ally, and we have all of us reason to be thankful that she is. Yet all of us are profoundly disturbed over what

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this alliance may mean for the future. It requires no German propaganda to create this feeling. Here in this country people are threatened with losing their citizenship because they were naturalized while members of the Communist Party. The question of the Baltic States and Poland is a very live fly in the ointment. The Chetniks and the Partisans, representing ancient local antipathies, also symbolize this larger antipathy. It would be foolish to forget it in any of our thinking about the post-war world. For however much one may seek to exculpate Stalin and Moscow from having ambitions outside Russia, we know that suspicions of their intentions will not be easily scotched, and suspicions can themselves beget that which they suspect. Of all the problems we face, this is the one most likely to be bungled, for it is the problem which most powerfully excites emotion.

Consumer Co-ops Win Out

TWO MONTHS AGO we reported that NBC and CBS had at the last moment rejected the Co-operative League's first program, "Let's Get Together, Neighbor," which was to go out on 30 stations the country over for a period of 13 consecutive weeks. Certain local stations had objected at the eleventh hour and the networks alleged as justification for this action professional allergy to "public controversial issues" and "membership drives." The co-ops accepted the challenge, for their national radio fund, secured from thousands of small donations and designed to explain the co-op way of doing things to the general American public, had been several months abuilding. Consistently with his interest in "the little man" for whom he had fought so long, Senator Norris introduced a resolution in the Senate with a view to regulating the radio industry more in the public interest. Said resolution at the moment is before the Committee on Interstate Commerce.

Meanwhile negotiations went on between the Cooperative League and the National Association of Broadcasters, whose Code Committee met with co-op officials in Washington, December 14 and 15. The agreement reached is worth citing. "We believe that the advertising of cooperatives is and has been acceptable under the Code when the programs offered are designed to sell goods, trademarks or services of cooperatives. It is agreed there is no objection to commercial copy incorporated in a program sponsored by a cooperative enterprise which states that (a) any person can make purchases at cooperatives; (b) memberships in cooperatives is open and voluntary; (c) cooperatives are owned by members, each of whom has one vote; and (d) profits or savings are returned to member-owners. However, in making such statements no attack is to be made on any other business enterprise or system of distribution. . . ." General discussion of co-ops and American business is to be confined to "sustaining time."

With certain modifications the co-op radio program is now going through. In their very struggle to get the benefits of the Rochdale system brought to the national attention by one of the most effective means available, the co-ops have again demonstrated that by banding with his fellows the individual without sizable wealth or influence can make himself heard, can even marshal sufficient strength to win out against powerful and well-organized opposition. And who can say whether advertising the co-op idea *in concreto,* so to speak, to the accompaniment of familiar "commercials," may not be more effective than theoretical comparisons between cooperative production for use and production for private profit?

Death of a General

THE Very Reverend Vladimir Ledochowski served his Society for twenty-seven years as its General. After a lingering illness, he died early in December, and only now, when he is dead, do we realize how great a superior the Jesuits have lost. His office was exercized during some of the most turbulent years in the world's history—1915-1942. He was elected in the midst of a world war and he died in the midst of a second world war. During the peace between two wars, he knew little peace. For those years were themselves filled with violence. And yet during his generalate, the Society has quietly and persistently made extraordinary progress. It increased its membership by half; it broadened its activities throughout the world. And Father Ledochowski's personal interests and enthusiasms are reflected directly in what it has done. He wished the standards of education to be raised. He wished a quickening in the Foreign Missions. Toward the end of his life he became more and more concerned with social questions, and ever encouraged his priests to work for social ends—justice for laboring men, for Negroes. But what is somehow most striking in a day when perfervid nationalism is the rule was Father Ledochowski's broadness of spirit. He was a Pole, the son of an exile. Such men are usually rabid nationalists. He was not. He owed his election to his being a "neutral," and although he courageously insisted upon telling the world what Hitler did to his country, there is not the slightest indication that he ever was on anything but the happiest terms with his thousands of German subjects. And he showed his love, his tolerance, for the great Slav enemy of Poland by his lifelong devotion to unity between Catholic and Orthodox.

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For the English

FOOTIT was an English clown and in his bar and restaurant just off the Rond-Point, in Paris, there were posters and photographs showing him in the sawdust ring. He had worked at Médrano at the century's turn, and in those days the swells from the Jockey Club would go to the circus night after night to watch the trained horses, and the artists would go to the circus night after night to watch the clowns, so that when you looked at Footit in his bar you thought less about him than you did about the people who had watched him before he had retired from circus work. Footit made you think about Lautrec, Degas, Manet, and of Swann in a top hat at the circus. It was during the last war, when the Americans were in Paris, and it was the same thing then as it is now: there was a past, a prewar, which had been lost and which people tried to rediscover, re-invent. The Americans from the Air Service in the Avenue Montaigne used to go to Footit's because they could get a solid meal there, beef and boiled potatoes and boiled cabbage, and could order it in English and Alice, Footit's daughter, who waited on table, could speak English although she was born in Paris and it was nice to talk with her, and most of us Americans had never been in England and to talk English in the little bar in Paris took us home rather than to England, and the food was more like American food and the bar with the bottles in front of the mirror was like an old American bar.

There had been Joan of Arc, and wars between France and England, and England is an island, and the French do not know geography, and the English landing in Calais have observed that all French women have red hair, but the Channel has never really separated the English and the French. In the confusion of history there have been wars between all peoples able to reach each other, but there have been alliances also, and for every period in which the French have disliked the English (and reciprocally) there has been a period when it has been both fashionable and rewarding for the French to like the English (and reciprocally). Wars have never succeeded in destroying the unity of Europe nor Europe's relation with the thought of the English speaking peoples, and this war will not succeed in breaking down all the past and all that has been achieved by the peoples —including the Germans—who live in Europe, nor in breaking the close ties, the immutable unity between that achievement and all that has been built in England and by the British peoples and by the Americans.

There can be no division: this war, no war, can enforce permanent separation. There is only this small house which is Europe and England standing in a field, with the field Africa adjacent, the field Asia across the road, the field Australia nearby, the field America across a pond. The seasons and the wars pass and above this little land are the limitless skies, the innumerable stars. There are a few of us, a few hundred million, living at the moment with the names of our parents in the family Bible, engaged in civil war—between villages—holding as best we can to the memories which explain why we are here at all, deep in ingratitude and love. We are sad village mummers in costume persuading ourselves that we do not know each other.

When you talk that way it is hopeless and it is vague. They did not talk that way at Footit's. The talk was mostly about racing history at Auteuil and Longchamps. Among the customers was a good sprinkling of ex-jockeys who had raced in Paris for years and there were their horses that they talked about and this brought the French impressionists to mind who, through photography, had discovered how a horse really runs and had painted horses as they really run, and again, it brought England to mind for French racing had come from England just as the clubs had come from England. The talk was about games, and people played chess and checkers at the tables, and just as the old clown Footit had brought a part of England to France and had made French children laugh at the English clown, so, now, in Paris, did he introduce some of the AEF to England. Modestly, by indirection. He was a quiet man and he lent us money on occasion. There was this matter of the good food. He had been a funny man professionally for years, but now he was a quiet and dignified Englishman keeping a little bar and restaurant in Paris. On the walls were the posters that showed him dressed in his legendary rags with the clown's makeup. But now, in his last years, he did not joke, he did not clown. Nor did he speak much of England. He was English. He talked of the old days and about the people who came to see him at Médrano and, of course, about how everything was going to pieces. The ex-jockeys would borrow from him and the old ladies—English too—who had lost at the races and who were growing very old, as Footit himself was growing very old, far from their homes and from any security. And the Americans there, unconscious of China, not foreseeing Hitler, inexpectant of any other war, awaiting the end, in victory, of the war in which they were engaged and thinking that it was the only war they would ever know, trusted this exiled Englishman and were his friends.

Dunkirk, or Singapore, or Suda Bay, or now, with the Eighth Army advancing, as this new year starts, I wanted to send a word of friendship to the English. But it had to be done indirectly, and even this page they will say it is too French.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Spirit of the Roman Liturgy

By **H. A. Reinhold**

OUR LITURGY is Roman because it is the liturgy of the city of Rome of the first four or five centuries, while Milan, e.g., had and still has its own brand of Western, Latin liturgy quite different in spirit. How it spread over the whole West, dislodging other local liturgies, with the exception of Milan, Lyons, Toledo, Braga and those of a few religious orders, is not to be investigated in this essay. While this process may be regretted from the point of view of variety in expression, and while many a beautiful flower of national liturgy has thus withered away, the qualities of the Roman liturgy are such that we may say it is the most perfect creation of the Christian mind. If it comes to life again, that is, if it is ever reinstated to its rightful place in the mind and soul of the Christian people, they will be the more Christian and the more Catholic.

Many explanations have been attempted to tell us why it happened that the liturgy shrank back into the sanctuary and the sacred books, and why the people created popular substitutes for it. The most common explanation, when one is attempted or the fact is admitted at all, is that the young Celtic and Teutonic nations were unable to understand the sacred and hieratic Latin. I think that this is the most obvious and the most important factor, especially if we keep in mind that these newly converted barbarians could not read nor write, and thus were not able even to follow translations of the texts.

But this does not explain everything. Italians, Spaniards, Catalans and Frenchmen had languages which more or less permitted them to understand, or at least to guess what was being read and sung and acted in the sanctuary. Even nowadays the average Italian says his Our Fathers, Hail Marys and *Confiteors* in Latin and knows pretty well what he is saying. Yet in spite of this greater facility very many of the derivative substitutes of popular devotion have "taken over" as extensively as in the lands of guttural Teutonic, hissing Slavic and tight-lipped and indistinct Anglo-Saxon tongues. The liturgy as such is just as much a clerical affair or at best an imposing show in the cathedrals of Umbria and Campania as it is in Cologne or Cracow or Dublin, not to speak of Boston or Los Angeles. It is not the language alone that erected an invisible wall between the celebrating clergy and the silent audience outside the sanctuary gates. It is the spirit of the thing that made it a stranger to "His own," a light not grasped.

This can easily be verified by picking up some of the Missals which have been translated and annotated during the last decade. The authors were so little aware of this non-comprehension that they not only failed to warn their readers of the necessary "Copernican turn" needed to get into the spirit of it, but they betrayed their own attitude very clearly by the way in which some of them acquitted themselves of their task. Small straws will show whence the wind blows, and it is not the spirit of the Roman sacramentaries that blew. One gets suspicious when the compiler and translator adds his own "home made" brand of prayers to "help" the user of his work, especially when these prayers emotionally, doctrinally and stylistically are completely out of tune with the "Romanity" of the Missal. Many Missals, like the St. Andrew's or Dom Cabrol's, have excellent explanatory notes, giving you all you need to know historically; but none of them ventures where Angels fear to tread, and tells us outright: "This is going to hurt you!" But it certainly is.

By considering a few traits of non-Roman liturgies it will be easy to see the difference. We have, for instance, in a chapel of the primatial cathedral of Spain at Toledo the venerable old liturgy of the Visigoths, strangely enough called Mozarabic. In many ways it is quite the opposite of Rome, although its language is Latin. But it is beautifully verbose, almost like our modern devotions, but more *chevaleresque,* nobler. It is very poetic too, as if Celtic monks had been sitting with its makers. Then again, it has Oriental traits which have led to the most audacious theories to explain how the Orient came to influence it. Its verbosity and prolixity, its Oriental complexity and speculative character, full of grand words, marks it as the opposite pole from Rome. Because Rome is sober, concise, laconic and monolithic, there still lives in its liturgy the spirit of Cato and Brutus and the style of Tacitus and Tertullian.

Or take the Greek liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom and Saint Basil. It is amazing to see the number of names and attributes of God scattered through its prayers, as if all the Fathers of the Cappadocian school had been gleaned for profound and noble words, groping for God's immensity. It is the spirit that engendered Thales

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and Empedocles, Plato and Aristotle, Pythagoras and Plotinus: profound, searching and fully conscious that it is easier to say what God is not than what He is. And here comes Rome with its grand simplicity, its sobriety hostile to all exuberance, fully matter-of-fact, speaking like, one hardly dares to say, the one who has ruled the world, written the law, judged the nations, without pretense or vanity or doubt or *hybris*. "Almighty and eternal God"—two attributes which embrace all that the wordiness of clever Greeks and speculating Orientals can say. They are like the blocks that built the Colisseum and reared the quiet dome of the Pantheon.

Do not misunderstand. It is not the dry language of law books and army orders! It is not without feeling and emotion. By no means! But it is a formed, restrained, noble and grand sentiment, even in its *alleluias;* and when you meet prolixity and repetitious exuberance, superabundance of words and phrases, you may be almost sure it is a foreign body, in most cases imported from Gaul after Charlemagne. You can easily check up on this in your own Missal. Compare the endless prayers for the blessing of palms with the preface right next to them, which seems to be an old martyr's preface from Rome.

Like its Gregorian music the restraint of the Roman liturgy is by no means poverty. Would anyone say that Renaissance is "poorer" than Baroque, Romanesque "poorer" than Gothic, the Corinthian column "poorer" than the Doric? The Roman liturgy is rich in manly, adult, mature feeling, and that is perhaps the reason why the "counter-creations" of modern popular piety by contrast are the opposite: feminine, immature, talkative. Father Pourrat has tried to convince us that "Benedictine" piety is that of Saint Bernard. How could it be? For six hundred years the monks of Saint Benedict had lived on Roman liturgy when Saint Bernard, as an innovator who created a spiritual sensation by his style, although himself part of a new version of Saint Benedict's order, became the first man to bring us "modern" piety. Compare his effusive, affectional, wordy and almost playful writing with the clear and strong sobriety of Leo the Great, Augustine, Ambrose and even Bede. The blood, the babe, the mother, the young woman, the tears, the sobs, the element the female component of man's soul notices first, is here for the first time. And this was the time when the masses, led by their new spiritual leaders, were cut loose from a thousand years' mooring and drifted away to where we now find ourselves. Farther and farther away they drifted. At first it was hardly noticeable, but had become quite evident by the time of the Reformation, and now it is such that men who do not feel at home in this atmosphere stand aside, and it is the woman who holds the field in piety. This was also the time when the "Madonna" superseded the "Mother of God" and when the "Virgin and Mother Church" began to be mistaken for an odd representation of Our Blessed Lady.

At this very time Christmas received its new focus: the womanly, touching, emotional aspect moved into the field of spiritual vision, and all the other, equally important aspects dried up in the books. Details, the little things, became the pious things, while the total, comprehensive view of the liturgy of Rome made the modern-medieval faithful purse their lips and shudder. That was when the Epiphany, the "Manifestation of the Godhead" died, and the "Three Kings" in furs and crowns, with Moors and camels, began their glittering procession over the snow of Flanders or Pomerania to the shivering maid in the poor but very neat stable (thatched roof and broken windows).

Then theology as a science came along and "took over" too. It had come earlier in the Greek and Gallican liturgies. Philosophers-turned-theologians had speculated, and fought heretics. New words were coined. What had been the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost had been renamed in one short technical term, Trinity. That was a tremendous step, one which we can hardly realize nowadays. Rome knew it was an artificial term created in discussions, arguments and speculations. It never used it in such a living, evangelical thing as the celebration of Christ's mysteries, *Tremenda Mysteria, Admirabilia Sacramenta.* Its apostolic directness—that is the word—had no room for artifacts. But as with Greece, so Gaul had ample room for such *nova,* new things. And it began to invoke the collective: *"Suscipe Sancta Trinitas,"* Receive O Holy Trinity. And when, after Charlemagne and later, Gaul took revenge on Rome for having forced her liturgy out of use, by making Rome receive in good grace its own heterogeneous compositions, these things also slipped through. There they are now like a Baroque chapel built onto a Romanesque minster, picturesque for an antiquarian, charming for those who delight in contrast, but still a foreign body.

Rome speaks to the Father through the Son in the unity of the Spirit. Its liturgy does not speak to all three of them at once. It preserves the evangelical order, approaching the Father through Christ, and always speaking to the Father, as Christ taught us. Rome, staid, correct, majestic—Rome preserved the order given by the Lord. Rome let theology develop in controversy and in books to defend the deposit of faith, to intensify it, to interrelate it, to bring out its implications—good! But it knew that the simple harmony of its cultural mysteries needed no vivisection and no vivisected language either. When people sing and pray they do not reflect on their singing, praying,

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feeling and acting. Therefore, Rome's liturgy is direct and unreflected like all great art, be it music or painting or architecture.

Unreflected is one of the terms we should write across the cover of our Missal. Modern piety is full of reflection, conscious effort, methodical acts, analysis and synthesis. Not so the liturgy. The *Credo* does not say why we believe, but simply what we believe. The *Confiteor* does not say why we are sorry, whether or not our sorrow is supernatural, supreme, interior, perfect; but it says that we are sorry in the presence of all the notables of heaven and the sinners on earth. Can we learn again this immediateness and this simplicity of heart? Aren't we all tired of devices and longing for this manly, womanly childlikeness? Will we be able again to celebrate Mass, praying, singing, listening, thinking, contemplating Mass as part and parcel of our life, and then go to the altar to receive the Bread of Life (and I mean *Bread of Life*) which is Christ's Body? And all this without the enumeration of "acts" and without the aid of one of those sighing pre-digested things called "preparation for Communion"? Don't misunderstand me. I have seen too many people make no "preparation," but just walk up to the altar, arms dangling, staring around—God only knows why they do not rather not come! It is all magic to them. It does not mean anything to them except that they are afraid they will lapse if they do not, some subtly superstitious attitude lurking in their unconscious. But ask them, when they admit that they do not read a "preparation," if they celebrated the Mass as described above. A blank stare of incomprehension will be their reply. They are good people, respectable, loyal, faithful. They have none but mild temptations, and nature has endowed them with normal glands and good taste, like Newman's gentleman. What keeps them going is the regularity of Communion, which they perform like all their other regular actions: bath, breakfast, work, fun, taxpaying, and so on. They are nice, harmless, moral people. But the almost magic, conjuring simplicity of the liturgy is not the language of their soul. They are so "normal" that they like to have their wits scared out of them by brimstone and hellfire sermons, in the same way as many a Milquetoast likes to read his daily murder and just "loves" to see Raymond Massey and Basil Rathbone. But when they meet the true moderation that moderates something that has to be repressed they feel suspicious, because Rome's liturgy—like Saint Benedict, a true Roman—is also moderate. Just compare what the liturgy of the dead, together with dogma, by the way, has to say about the hereafter with the kind of thing that sends shivers down pious modern spines.

The liturgy is total, not sectional; it is organic, not mechanic; dramatic, not repetitious. Roman liturgy is logically dynamic and clear. It is wonderfully natural, that is, it hates the unnatural, screaming, artificial and distorted ways of the modern mind. When Mussolini made his political masterstroke in obtaining from the great Pius XI his Lateran Treaties, the next day he stood with fake imperial airs before his fake Roman senate of paid *claqueurs* to announce to the wondering world that Catholicism would have remained a small Jewish sect had it not come to imperial Rome to grow into a world religion (Toynbee's inner Syriac proletariate, by gosh!). He then dropped his Caesarean mask and became Italy's Fuehrer, after having been mistaken for the man sent by Providence. Yet he did come somewhat near the truth. Rome's liturgy has imperial majesty and universal sweep. But that is not because the Gospel was a national Jewish affair, one among many quibbling rabbis' schools, but because it was itself the word of a King, spoken by the Father of the Universe. The religious intensity of Hebrew prophets and psalmists, the instruments on which the Pneuma of God had played, met here its royal form.

The very idea of a mystery of cult as that of sacrifice, has been watered down in modern man, intellectualized and moralized. The bourgeois man of nice little comforts cannot live in the fresh, astringent atmosphere of these heights, unless a great disaster topples over all his little securities, idols and services. When we have learned again from our Missal, or rather from sung and celebated liturgy what this world is, it will become clear that it is a lifebread for heroes of grace. Here is the ever-living Christ in His totality, undissected for the retail consumption of pious "souls" (not *men* and *women,* very significantly), not in partial aspects taken for the whole, but the One of whom it is said that He was the Word, the Light whose glory shines in our Roman liturgy, "glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Japanese Nightingale

They say that in Japan the nightingale
Sings not her songs of passion and regret;
That she has learned from Buddha to forget
Greece and far seas where gleaming islands sail;
And where her sisters sing and sorrow yet
Till poets must recall again the tale
How once, while weeping through a moonlit vale,
A broken heart and sudden music met.

But now in strife there are sad notes to learn
Of pain and grief and misery and tears
That no kind Buddha ever will erase.
As no song ever this sad song will burn
Across the Thracian valleys of the years;
And singing nightingales will haunt the place.

HENRY ST. C. LAVIN.

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Gerhart Hauptmann

Poet of German Immaturity.

By **Andreas Dorpalen**

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1942, Gerhart Hauptmann, best known of German playwrights, celebrated his eightieth birthday. In honor of the octogenarian, the Nazi Government arranged for a number of special performances of his dramas while his fellow dramatist, Dr. Goebbels, sponsored a new *de luxe* edition of his collected works. The artist whose fiftieth birthday was the occasion of nation-wide celebrations in the imperial era, whose sixtieth and seventieth anniversaries were cultural highlights in the somber days of the Weimar Republic, thus enters his ninth decade under nazi auspices. Indeed a remarkable performance.

For some twenty years after his first drama, "Before Dawn," was performed in 1889, a bitter literary controversy raged around Hauptmann. While many considered him one of the outstanding literary figures of all times, others rejected him as a cynic and plagiarist. Today the question of his literary significance is settled. Hauptmann's early works represent a milestone in German literature; he initiated a new era on the stage by becoming the outstanding exponent of the naturalist drama. His first works, "Before Dawn," "The Feast of Reconciliation," "Lonely Lives," "The Weavers," for the first time focused public attention onto the seamy side of life—hereditary diseases, alcoholism, domestic difficulties, everyday troubles—which both the balanced classicism of Goethe, Schiller and Hebbel and the erratic romanticism of Heinrich von Kleist, Ernst von Wildenbruch and Richard Wagner had carefully ignored. Since then, however, Gerhart Hauptmann has maintained himself as Germany's foremost playwright mainly by default: no one else has come to take his place.

Hauptmann's success story is not without interest. It is a story which could have taken place only in the Reich and as such assumes a general significance far beyond that which the career of a successful dramatist might ordinarily claim.

When Hauptmann first attracted public attention with what he called his "social" dramas, the socialists who were then rising to be the strongest party in Germany claimed him at once as their pet. Actually his dramas were little concerned with labor. With the exception of "The Weavers," they dealt chiefly with problems of the lower middle class, businessmen, doctors, teachers, peasants. Nevertheless Hauptmann did not object, and for many years he accepted his rôle as the literary protagonist of German social democracy. As many of his franker biographies later suggested, it was not bad business to be championed by the growing labor movement.

In a deeper, unintended sense, however, the dramatist could indeed be called symbolically representative of German labor. In their approach to social problems, the Silesian poet and the German labor leaders of pre-Hitler days showed striking similarities, and it is very possible for this reason that the socialists failed to realize the lack of constructiveness in Hauptmann's social views. "The Weavers" painted a sordid picture of labor conditions in his native Silesia in 1844—a moving protest against conditions as they still prevailed in many parts of the country at the turn of the century. But the drama offered no solution; it showed no way out of the squalor and misery of the worker's life. The curtain falls upon a scene in which the workers battle the military called out to crush their rising. The question of whether and how they succeed in bettering their lot is left unanswered. Here as in practically all his works Hauptmann's strength lies in raising his voice in protest—but there he stops. Almost all his dramas end with a question mark.

Passivity of German labor

This same passivity characterized the German labor movement before it was crushed by the nazis. Its greatest exponent was August Bebel who as leader of the opposition gave the German Social Democrats their national standing in imperial Germany. Once the Social Democrats had assumed power, however, they were helpless. They as little as Hauptmann knew how to solve the problems they had pointed out so aptly in the years of opposition, and they just like Hauptmann's heroes drifted fatalistically to their inevitable doom.

Hauptmann's faculty to protest attracted also another group—the liberal middle class, the German *Buerger,* who, deprived of all power by army and aristocracy, found in Hauptmann's dramas a welcome outlet for pent-up emotions. Although constantly gaining in economic power, the middle

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class of the Wilhelminian era was hopelessly impotent politically. In Hauptmann's dramas it found those questions voiced it had often asked itself. Here someone protested against the many evils which no imperial splendor and swashbuckling could cover up. Here they found expressed what many of them had so often wanted to say themselves, but never quite had the courage to do—and here they also found an alibi for not doing so. For Hauptmann made it painfully clear that man is a helpless tool in the hands of the powers that be, without will ("The will is like a straw in the wind!"), without strength, who, whenever he tries to take his life into his own hands, gets entangled ever more inextricably in the meshes of his doom. Like the German *Buerger,* Hauptmann's characters are no fighters, no leaders—they suffer silently and fatalistically or, in last desperation, seek escape in suicide. This indeed was the story of German *Buergertum* since the fateful days of 1848, when its one attempt to revolt against its impotence was quickly overwhelmed. It allowed its life to be run by others, until it finally committed suicide by entrusting it to the nazis.

Yet Gerhart Hauptmann's popularity in the Wilhelminian era cannot be fully understood unless one other factor is taken into account. The playwright was highly unpopular with the imperial authorities who disliked the "radical" tendency of his dramas. By attending Hauptmann performances, the *Buerger* felt he was spiting the authorities—a game which he, harassed by an ubiquitous police, thoroughly enjoyed. As Hauptmann boasted in later years, he was the "kill-joy" of imperial Germany.

But Hauptmann was no political leader. In fact, he shied away from everything that smacked even vaguely of politics. He was, as he put it, "above politics." Yet he was "above politics" not because he despised politics, but rather because he actually had no firm political beliefs. He came to terms just as easily with the nazis as he had come to terms with the Kaiser and the Weimar Republic. "His work," one of his critics wrote, "is characteristic . . . in the passive attitude of its creator, the absence of any standpoint, the avoidance of any real attempt to grapple with his problems. . . . His poetry lacks the spiritual power and the faith to go beyond mere representation and description and achieve a solution." Rightly Hauptmann has often been called the "poet of German immaturity."

This political and spiritual immaturity is painfully evident in his extracurricular activities. His public addresses in particular are often strikingly childish. In a speech on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, he recalled that Ibsen once told him that his first play was both courageous and beautiful. "There is an incredible beauty in spiritual courage and in spiritual intrepidity," he exclaimed. "We had them! And we needed them. Should I tell you why we needed them particularly in Germany? And what enemies made them necessary? If I did, I would start on a chapter which would needs grow into a book and books. So I better keep away from it." ("And," we might add, "avoid committing myself too definitely.")

This was the man whom the Weimar Republic hailed as one of its foremost spiritual representatives. And although Hauptmann privately admitted that he did not believe in parliamentarism, he gladly assumed the rôle of Republican Germany's *poeta laureatus.* On his part he gave the Republic little in return. As before, he remained "above politics."

Only on rare occasions did he come down from his Mount Olympus to give the common man a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "There are people," he pontificated in a broadcast in June, 1931, when unemployment had reached its peak and a few days before the German banking system collapsed, "who tell the German people every day how badly it is off. Yet you don't help anyone by discouraging instead of encouraging him. Incidentally, there were times in Germany which were worse than ours, and we lived through them. I do not talk of the horror of the so-called religious Thirty Years War. But even the times about 1800 until far into the nineteenth century were much more painful. And yet not only Goethe, but the greatest minds in all fields could live in them."

Need for relaxation

Nevertheless Hauptmann who had never known economic difficulties, who owned a palatial mansion in his native Silesia, a summer villa on the Baltic seacoast and a third home in Berlin, realized that even the common man needs some occasional relaxation. "If we want to refresh our mind in a healthy, easy way," he went on in his turgid, awkward style, "it is advisable to look at the ever courageous men of our time. We have in them the best examples. A Lindbergh, Wilkins, Picard, Eckener and the great legion of honor of bold and death-defying minds are teaching us by their silent deed: *sursum corda,* the inspiring word. Let us look up to these unbroken and strong characters when we are weary, tired and bitter: they are able to uplift us and put us to shame. In this respect every pilot in his airplane has the same power. And I salute the German horsemen who recently in Rome in joyful and strong competition, in the peaceful war of ability, came through with flying colors."

Even when the Republic was fighting with its back to the wall in 1932—that very Republic which had lavished its honors and appreciation upon him—he found but few and feeble words for its support. "Remember," he solemnly told his

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fellow Germans, "that despite everything, she is your good mother, and, in view of this, be tolerant and peaceable children."

The Third Reich had no use for such patronizing advice. The *Völkischer Beobachter* summed up the nazi attitude toward Hauptmann by calling him a "superficial bourgeois . . . uninspiring . . . shallow." But the nazis failed to ban Hauptmann's works; they merely ignored them, although his passively suffering characters were the very opposite of the invincible nazi superman. Rightly they considered him too harmless to cause them any difficulties.

Hauptmann did not disappoint them. He who owed much of his success to the backing of Jewish and leftist associates, who, in fact, had counted many of them among his closest friends, did not once raise his voice in protest against their persecution. Nor did he who liked to take pride in his "protestant Christendom" ever object to the persecution of the churches. He preferred to withdraw behind the smoke screen of his art. As usual, he remained "above politics."

True, he never came out openly for the nazis. Instead, he maintained his customary aloofness. His dramas and novels, which he continues to turn out at the rate of one a year, no longer deal with present-day questions. For these might bring him up against the problem of nazism and might thus force him to take a stand. His works now look back noncommittally upon the past—a happier past in which he could at least complain about the things he did not like, even if he did not care to do anything about them.

Within its present limitations, Hauptmann has found his political aloofness good business. Again he is benefiting from a reputation which is most likely undeserved. Due to the fact that he scrupulously avoids all references to the present in his dramas and novels, he has been labeled anti-nazi, just as fifty years earlier he was hailed as a socialist. Actually he is the one as little as he was then the other. He is not anti-nazi, but non-nazi. Nevertheless the rumor of his alleged opposition to the Hitler régime is potent enough to draw large audiences, which, while outwardly playing along with the powers that be, always derive a secret pleasure from opposing them in small things.

The nazis meanwhile have become so convinced of Hauptmann's "harmlessness" that they felt they could afford to honor him elaborately on his seventy-fifth and now again on his eightieth birthday. They seized upon these occasions as welcome opportunities to prove to the world that they too knew how to appreciate the genius of Germany's greatest living playwright. Without hurting the nazi cause, Dr. Goebbels felt, such celebrations might create cultural goodwill for the Reich. And Hauptmann who had graciously accepted the honors of Kaiser and Republic now pocketed as a matter of course the decorations which his Fuehrer bestowed on him.

By the time Hauptmann rounds out his ninth decade another Germany may have emerged out of the ruins of the nazi régime. As usual the poet will be looking forward to his customary honors, but he may well go unhonored on that day. For if the German *Buergertum* has grown up to maturity by then, it will realize that in honoring him it would honor only what has rendered it impotent since the days of Bismarck—indecision, complacency, the business-as-usual spirit which looked on passively while evil forces destroyed its world.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ELLEN HART SMITH, biographer of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" (Harvard, $3.75), has done her work so well that it is difficult, at least for the present reviewer, to decide whether in recommending her book it is more expedient to dwell upon the merits of the biographer, or of the subject of her book. The word *expedient* is used advisedly. For the prime purpose of my comments is to gain readers for one of the most remarkable examples of successful biography that has ever come my way. But if in praising the personal quality of Miss Smith's lucid style, the liveliness of her own very modern spirit, I should give the false impression that the character, the achievements, the historical as well as the purely personal importance of a really great man, a great American, a great Catholic layman, has been unduly subordinated to the literary exhibitionism of an egotistical artist—which modern biography is drenched with—I would be defeating my own design. For the truth is that Miss Smith, it would appear, began by being vague about Charles Carroll, "prepared to be bored with the plaster saint I'd heard Charles Carroll was." Then, as she really began her very thorough studies of the tremendously voluminous documents, it would seem that she fell in love with the very real man entombed in the documents, conventionally portrayed, on the one hand as a sort of "plaster saint," or, on the other hand, shockingly neglected by the secular biographers and historians of men and events of the American Revolution.

No philanderer was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, but Miss Smith discovered that from early youth until his death at ninety-five this Founding Father of our nation, this Signer of the Declaration of Independence, this "First Citizen" of his beloved Maryland, this canny and almost avaricious money-maker, who yet was deeply charitable and in matters of patriotism, and of faith in his religion and his Church, unshakably firm, was a lady's man. He understood, as if by instinct, even if he never explicitly said so, how his own indisputable and permanent charm harmonized, so to speak, with his own indisputable and

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permanent response to feminine charm. So, now, more than a century after his serene and beautiful death—as described so simply in this book, the most mellow yet solemn passage of a soul out of time into eternity I ever read, or ever heard about—a woman writer brings him back, a living force, to our life of today, perhaps of tomorrow as well. Her own gifts are devoted to describing his, not the reverse. In religious matters, she professes some sort of Protestantism, left vaguely indicated, perhaps not very important to herself, yet her responsiveness to the deep things as well as to the exterior idiosyncrasies of Charles Carroll of Carrollton's complex yet harmonious character, enables her to render justice to the Catholicism of Carroll in a more convincing, because objective, way, than the eulogies of many Catholic writers who have written more copiously and more enthusiastically.

That is at least one reason why Miss Smith's own conviction—which she gained as she proceeded with her studies, a far healthier process than by adopting it as an arbitrary premise—namely, that Carroll was the most interesting, and "in certain ways the most outstanding patriot of his day," unifies her book in a compelling fashion. With the sort of compulsion that appeals to reason, because so solidly supported by the historical facts and circumstances skilfully interwoven into the background; or, rather, forming part of the atmosphere surrounding her portrait of a great soul to whom the family motto, "Anywhere, so long as it be free" (adopted by the ancestor who came to Maryland, via London, out of the Ireland in which liberty has been denied so long to him and his people), was not a platitude, but a vital principle. And not merely a personal principle—it was something that belonged to others, to his nation. How his faith was justified is part not only of his personal story but of the greater story of a nation again engaged, as it was when Carroll lived and labored, in fighting for the life of liberty.

One of the many lesser, yet still very important, points of the tale of Carroll of Carrollton is the fact that essentially, like his fathers before him, he was a gentleman and an aristocrat, a representative of that often misunderstood (and also most fallible and at times erring) element in society, the genuine aristocracy of the the spirit, rather than of artificial class alone, to which liberty-loving nations owe a far greater debt than it is the current literary or political fashion to admit. One more point should at least be indicated, namely, how illuminating for us of today, even in many details and circumstances, as well as in the central principles involved, is this fascinating story of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Communications

MILITARY SERVICE CLUB

East Orange, N. J.

TO the Editors: The purpose of this letter is to tell your readers something about the military Service Club at 46 Franklin Street, Newark, New Jersey. This is an organization which takes care of the food and lodging of service men at absolutely no cost to the latter. We don't even allow the boys to pay for their cigarettes.

It is an independent Catholic organization, and was started out absolutely from scratch by a group of Irish War Veterans of Post No. 1. It has gone forward rapidly, almost too rapidly, for at the present time we are having a little difficulty trying to catch up with it.

It has not been our policy to ask for financial assistance. We feed the men entirely through donations of foodstuffs. We have received quite a lot of publicity through the *Newark Evening News,* and have obtained many generous contributions of equipment in this way.

Since June 7 last, we have served 14,000 hot meals at the club, and up to and including last night (December 6) we have lodged 7,264 soldiers and sailors, marines, coast-guardsmen, Fighting French, English and Australian troops. We have obtained leave for 900 service men so that they can get home, 300 of whom we have assisted in securing fares to their various destinations.

We use 10 gallons of milk a day, 5 pounds of butter, 12 dozen eggs, 6 dozen cup cakes, 6 dozen small coffee rings, 6 dozen doughnuts, 2 dozen loaves of bread and 2 dozen pies. These items are supplied by the Teamsters Unions. The laundry is serviced by the various laundries in Newark through the unions. The building is owned by the city of Newark, and is rent free.

All the work, the washing of dishes, cleaning, etc., is done by the Irish War Veterans. They work in shifts, each man having a stated time for these various chores. These men all saw service in the last war, which makes a strong bond between them and the boys staying at the club. Father Kenny of St. Patrick's Cathedral is our chaplain.

As an example of the far-reaching influence of this organization, we received some weeks ago a very fine write-up in the Grimsby *Evening Telegraph* in Lancashire, England. The only two rules we have in this club are that no service man pays for anything and he is asked no questions.

There are still many things we need. For instance, we could use more easy chairs, dishes, kitchen utensils, a restaurant stove, rugs, and we still need blankets. We could also put a mangle to very good use. The entertainment of the boys is pretty well taken care of through donations of ping pong tables, shuffleboard, pool tables, etc., but the only means we have of supplying music is in the form of an old-fashioned player piano, which has not been very satisfactory. The Muzak Corporation has very generously offered to waive the initial installation charge on one of their "canned music" machines, and has quoted us a minimum maintenance price of $50.00 per month. We, of course, are in no position to swing this ourselves, and have been seeking a sponsor, but so far without success.

MILITARY SERVICE CLUB,
William J. Sweeney, Jr.,
Director.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ACTION

Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

TO the Editors: Please be advised that *Christian Social Action* has just suspended publication for the duration of the war. In addition to the usual financial woes we shall share, our entire staff is now either in the

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Army or the Navy. CSA was half way through its seventh year, too, and you can imagine how painful it is to close shop. Our mailing list has been turned over to Detroit ACTU for their publication, the *Wage Earner,* to use.

As you will remember, for the past three years I was International Education Director of the UAW-CIO at Detroit and also instructor in sociology at Assumption College, Windsor. This September, due to communist pressure, my staff and myself were liquidated by the UAW-CIO.

Will you be good enough to note the expiration of CSA in your publication? Our readers are your readers and this will enable me to get word to them.

RICHARD L.-G. DEVERALL.

CALYPSO AND PAN AMERICA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Father Matthews's article "Calypso and Pan America" (November 13, 1942) has been read with the deepest interest. It sets forth a theory of inter-American relations that is extremely novel: the possibility of utilizing the British West Indies as a bridge to span the cultural gap between our own country and the other American Republics. The development of a civilization in that region which is neither Nordic nor Latin, as the result of the fusing of French, Spanish and Anglo-Saxon cultures, is forcefully presented and carefully analyzed by the author. The story cannot be more attractively told nor his proposal be more thought provoking.

There is only one observation that suggests itself with respect to the situation described by Father Matthews. He refers to what he terms the basic rhythmic pattern of all Latin American music. This, he says, is a Spanish modification of unmistakably African rhythm. The calypso, the music of the British West Indies, is likewise patterned along these lines. If Father Matthews refers to the Moorish tendencies underlying Spanish music when he speaks of African influence, I am in full accord with him. However, if he refers to the direct African influence that has entered into Latin American music, particularly in the Caribbean area, I do not believe that is quite accurate. The pattern that underlines the music of the Caribbean countries is Spanish modified by the African influence brought over by Negro slaves. However, this would not be true of the vast majority of the music of the Latin American countries, e.g., the Argentine *tango,* the Chilean *cueca,* the Peruvian *marinera* and many others, where no direct African influence can be discerned.

The main quarrel I have with Father Matthews's article is not with the facts which he adduces, but rather with his conclusion that the British West Indies constitute a natural channel for uniting the Americas. This I cannot see. The fact is that the British West Indies, relatively speaking, have no influence over the United States and much less over the other American Republics. In our country, outside of occasional travel books and visits by tourists, the only interchange is economic and none of the possible influence suggested by the article is felt. Latin America, with the exception of the inhabitants of neighboring island republics and occasional political exiles, has no contact whatsoever with these islands. An equally strong case could have been built up for the Dutch West Indies island of Curacao, to which so many Venezuelan political refugees have fled in the course of the years.

Father Matthews's exposition of British West Indies culture, its origin and development, is particularly interesting, but as far as their being the logical force to bridge the cultural gap between our country and our neighbors to the South, I fail to see any facts existing at present that would appear to indicate even the likelihood of such a possibility. Certainly, the writer of "Calypso and Pan America" has not set them forth in this article.

CHARLES HENRY LEE.

Jersey City, N. J.

TO the Editors: I agree with Captain Lee that "none of the possible influence suggested by the article is felt." This is simply because the possibilities of these islands for inter-American solidarity have never been explored. I propose to discuss in a future article just what practical steps can be and are already being taken in that direction, and with what promise.

Incidentally, the British West Indies, as will appear when my thought has been completely developed, are but a section of the cultural bridge between the US and South America. The other islands, especially the Latin ones, form the counterpart. Still the key rôle in the scheme belongs neither to Latins nor to the Anglo-Saxon minded, but to a people who combine both elements.

THE REV. BASIL MATTHEWS, O.S.B.

PARNASSUS GOES TO JAIL

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editors: The Reverend E. S. Berry expresses surprise at my statement (October 9, 30, 1942) that "apparently Catholics far outnumber Protestants in Connecticut jails, possibly four to one." That is my personal impression as a regular visitor in eight institutions. It is not the word of a statistician. Many times in jails I have offered free rosaries, medals, scapulars, crucifixes, picture cards of the Blessed Virgin and saints; usually almost all prisoners reach after these things, which are not normally wanted by Protestants. I gave the Protestants hymn books, small Gospels, New Testaments, Forward Tracts and Unity Tracts. Catholic Religious have also furnished New Testaments and Missals, which were almost invariably wanted.

The only statistics that I can find on religion in Connecticut jails are furnished by Mr. Malcolm Ogden of the Hartford Open Hearth Missions, which shelters ex-prisoners, drunks and vagrants. His record, kept over several years, indicated 90 percent of Catholic guests. The field workers of the Connecticut Prison Association, which finds jobs for prisoners on relief from Hartford and New Haven jails, also find a great preponderance of Catholic prisoners whenever they have had the occasion to enquire.

Paranassus covers the eight other Connecticut county jails, including Bridgeport, whose daily population has risen from 200 to peaks of over 300 prisoners since the war. Bridgeport jail chaplains conduct regular religious

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services; and Litchfield jail, throughout my experience, has been blessed with fine chaplains, both Catholic and Protestant. But for years Danbury, Tolland and Norwich jails have been seriously neglected. At present, the Seventh Day Adventists hold regular Sunday meetings at Danbury jail and Bible study classes have started in the penal institutions at Tolland and Hartford. New London jail is provided with a kind visiting chaplain but denied an altar. Brooklyn jail rejoices in an altar but has not yet obtained a priest to offer Mass for the French Canadian prisoners, although we are told that a priest will come soon. Once a month a Catholic priest has been allowed to come to hear prisoners' confessions there. Haddam jail now seems to be quite well taken care of by Father Butler and by a minister formerly a missionary. Most of the jails need more individual instruction for their prisoners, and in the rural counties it is almost impossible for the overworked rural pastors to find time left over for sinners in jail. In the city jails, it is less difficult; for example, the Bridgeport Protestant clergy have given a number of very interesting jail forums under the auspices of Parnassus on Wheels. The Hartford Diocese has been undermanned; so the efforts made to have one priest devote all his time to visiting around in the different jails have not succeeded. Also the idea of having a member of some religious order do this teaching has failed.

The preponderance of Catholics in our jails may be partly accounted for by the fact that the Catholic Church here started from the very poor immigrants, largely Catholic, and increased by numbers of poor refugees from Catholic countries, who have worked for the lowest of wages in our mills and on our farms. Our prisoners are almost invariably miserably poor and oppressed, and largely the victims of our social wrongs.

With regard to the interesting reflections of the Reverend H. A. Reinhold, I recall the European taunt that American prisons are irreligious monasteries. Father Reinhold makes a most inspiring appeal for prison monasteries, where the segregated life of criminals could be filled "with all the values our Faith has to offer—true penance, the fullness of our liturgical life, the blessings of a religious community and the uplifting feeling that they [the convicts] are doing useful work in a way which nobody else could accomplish."

This is not possible now because the government of our state prison is entirely in the hands of the state authorities, who arrange the routine and the punishments; you cannot call them penances. As one Catholic prison chaplain said to me, "It is impossible to bring a prisoner in a black-hole to listen to reason."

GENEVIEVE COWLES,
Secretary, Parnassus on Wheels, Inc.

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editors: I was very much surprised at the content of Miss Genevieve Cowles's article on the prisons and jails of Connecticut. As director of the Catholic Lending Library, I have known for some years that Miss Cowles has been allowed to purchase any books or religious articles she might need in her work and charge them to the account of the Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford. This seemed to me an evidence of interest in her work on the part of His Excellency which did not fit in with the picture drawn by Miss Cowles of Church apathy in the face of intolerable conditions among our prison and jail inmates.

Since the appearance of the article I have been investigating the matter and find that the facts seem to contradict Miss Cowles's statements flatly and definitely.

At the Federal Correctional Institute in Danbury, Mass is celebrated every Sunday by a regularly appointed chaplain, and during the week the Institute is attended faithfully from St. Joseph's Church in Danbury.

The Connecticut State Prison is located in Wethersfield. The Reverend Thomas Londregan is chaplain at the prison and gives all his time to ministering to the needs of the prisoners. He resides at the rectory of the Sacred Heart Church in Wethersfield.

The Cheshire Reformatory for younger sentenced prisoners likewise has a chaplain, who divides his time between this institution and the Connecticut School for Boys. The Reverend James Danaher is the chaplain, and, like Father Londregan, carries on his work with great success and the complete approval of the authorities.

Various lay groups have long interested themselves in the welfare of the prisoners at these state institutions. Instruction classes have been organized for many years past, and our Catholic laymen, encouraged and aided by their parish priests, have devoted a great part of their time to the service of the prisoners

We have county jails in Hartford, Tolland, Brooklyn, New London, New Haven, Litchfield, Danbury, and Haddam. I have ascertained that each of these is assigned to the care of the parish in which it is located. The pastors report that they give all necessary attention to the needs of the inmates. They not only go to the jails when called, but supplement these visits with calls on the inmates for personal conferences.

They report that it is sometimes difficult to make much progress with the inmates because the terms are short in most cases, and the jail population is constantly changing. In many of these jails the Sisters are regular visitors of the women inmates.

The pastors in all these places know Miss Cowles and appreciate what she is trying to do. They are ready at all times to cooperate with her reasonable requests. It is remarkable that Mass is said regularly every Sunday and holy day in the Hartford County Jail and this by the priests of the parish in which Miss Cowles lives.

These are the facts which my investigation reveals. I have condensed the information in the interests of publication, but the picture, even thus briefly sketched, is vastly different from the one painted by Miss Cowles. I think it is only fair that these facts be brought to the attention of the readers of THE COMMONWEAL, who may have been seriously misled by Miss Cowles's article.

Anyone who knows Miss Cowles will testify to her zealous interest in the welfare of our unfortunate prisoners and those who know her best will agree with me that her zeal leads her into a failure to realize, if not to acknowledge, the very substantial contributions made by others to

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the work in which she and they are engaged. It is after all a work of too great scale for individual enterprise.

It would never occur to the Bishop, to the priests, or to the zealous Catholic laymen to publicize their activities in this one area of diocesan activity. Under the circumstances they will forgive me for making it at least partially known to your readers. Like so many other diocesan works, this mission goes on so quietly that many of us priests do not realize the dedication of our fellow priests who are specifically charged with its fulfilment.

Rev. Andrew J. Kelly,
The Catholic Lending Library of Hartford, Inc.

ANTIGONISH TEN YEARS AFTER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I am confident that Mr. Skillin ("Antigonish Ten Years After," December 18, 1942) did not mean to imply the things which are actually implied, on the face of it, by his arbitrary and unfortunate juxtaposition of "Hitler's rise to power, the establishment of the New Deal and the course of the Spanish Civil War." Or did he? I use the word *arbitrary* advisedly, for I presume that, whatever Mr. Skillin's dissatisfaction with the New Deal, he would not argue that there is more than a chronological basis for this classification.

But, having made this presumption, I am left to wonder whether the rest of this article justifies me in making it. I don't wish to quibble; but I have the feeling from this and other statements made by Mr. Skillin in The Commonweal on the cooperative movement that he is ascribing a measure of more or less benevolent totalitarianism (if that word is not too harsh) to the New Deal which he has yet to demonstrate.

Let's bring the matter into the open. Mr. Skillin is quite obviously preoccupied these days with what, by this time, amounts to a grievance, namely, that "many prominent Catholics have cheered the New Deal as an actualization of such principles" (the social principles of the encyclicals). Will the record bear him out? I know of few, if any, Catholics who maintain that the New Deal is a complete "actualization" of such principles. On the other hand I know of more than a few reputable Catholic students who do maintain that the New Deal has, to *some* extent and in *some* phases of the social program, arrived at "approximations" to the encyclical program. And the fact that some of these are on record as saying that it is closer to the ideal of the encyclicals than any previous large-scale program with which we have been blessed in the history of the United States doesn't change the picture a particle. For that it certainly is.

I cannot see that it is in the interest of clear thinking to impale us on the horns of Mr. Skillin's dilemma (if that is his dilemma): either the New Deal or the middle way of the cooperative movement. If it is his dilemma, it is probably more by implication, of course, than by actual and explicit statement that he has said as much. But even the implication deserves to be challenged.

It would be inaccurate to say that there are as many definitions of the New Deal as there are New Dealers. On the other hand, it is just as inaccurate to speak too glibly of the New Deal as though it were a finished blueprint which someone or some group is trying to sell to the people of America. It has been and continues to be highly experimental; and it may well be that there are some, even in the inner circles of the movement, who believe just as firmly as Mr. Skillin does in the cooperative movement, believe in it as one of the phases or elements in the broad and complicated experiment. And they may be pardoned if they fail to see that this is inconsistent.

The core of the encyclical program is the so-called "vocational group" system. It is no answer to those Catholics who believe that the New Deal has helped, however meagerly, to prepare the way for such a system to ask: "But what new institutions have we set up to meet the new conditions inimical to man, the family and society resulting from modern capitalism?" Unless, of course, one holds that the *only* conceivable "new institutions" of this kind are cooperative institutions similar to those in Nova Scotia—in which case, one has yet to prove his point.

Credit unions are highly desirable; but it could plausibly be argued that the encyclicals envisage a society in which the individual would be able to meet the contingencies of life without too much recourse to such agencies. This is another way of saying that the just wage demanded by trade unions may be even a little more fundamental than credit unions. And few will deny that the New Deal has helped workers, at least a little, in their efforts to get this just wage. Adult education is sorely needed. But, of course, a lot of New Dealers think so too. (Why not give due credit, for example, to the forward-looking group of *bona fide* New Dealers in the Department of Agriculture who have done such good work in this field?) Maternity guilds are to be encouraged. So say many New Dealers, also . . . etc., etc.

In summary: Mr. Skillin's preoccupation with the cooperative movement is a good and necessary thing. But is it necessary to disparage the New Deal (even by implication) in order to advance the cooperative movement? I think not. Finally, it may be irrelevant, but it would seem imperative to recognize quite clearly that the New Deal (whatever we may mean specifically by that name) is in for some hard days under the new Congress. It may be that if it is effectively crippled and emasculated in the fight, we may begin to ask whether it wasn't less than realistic to have built up misleading dilemmas.

Rev. George G. Higgins.

Father Higgins does well to call attention to the real social progress initiated by the New Deal and especially to the good works of the Department of Agriculture. He does seem to read into my article more faith in the co-ops than I have, for I believe that they are only one of the means—though one of the best—of Christian social reconstruction. Our main disagreement is apparently two-fold: (1) my contention that it is a mistake for Americans, and especially for Catholics, to say, "Let the government do it"; (2) my conviction that the Administration's good works do not thereby entitle it to support of every move it makes.

E. S. S.

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The Screen

For Somebody Else

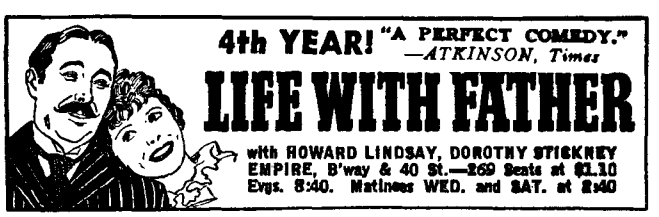
HOLLYWOOD not only aims but strives to please, and offers as holiday fare a wide variety of films. This week's program consists of three outstanding productions that have only one thing in common: they all left me cold.

For those who like a long picture (and I mean long—126 minutes) that drips with a story-book kind of plot, sentiment, splashy sets and slickness, there's *"Random Harvest."* Based on James Hilton's tricky novel, but with of course some of the trick revealed because you can see the wife and the secretary are the same person, this takes you on a slow fictional binge that seems to cover every minute of time from November 11, 1918, to 1935. It is the strange story of a man who is a pathetic sight at the end of the last war because he can't remember who he is. He escapes from an asylum to be befriended by Paula, a showgirl who helps him out of his mental fog in which he has lost his speech. Ronald Colman gives an excellent performance as the groping, befuddled soldier; and Greer Garson is charming as the sprightly, too-too noble showgirl who mothers the forlorn lad back to health, and then wives him back to happiness in England's cutest picture-book dovecote, complete with appleblossoms, garden fence, creaking gate, and a cuddly baby that arrives a year later. But the man goes to Liverpool to seek a job. An accident befalls him and takes his mind back to where it was in the shell hole in France; he can remember nothing from his past three years of amnesia. Now he's Charles Rainier, who he was in the first place. He goes home where his quarreling brothers and sisters seem none too glad to see him, because he becomes master of Random Hall. But Kitty, his young niece by marriage, thinks he's charming (what youngster wouldn't be stricken by suave, handsome, doe-eyed Ronald Colman!). As the years go by Charles becomes "an industrial prince of England" (the script says so). He is lonely in his baronial mansion. However, infatuated Kitty will fix that. But every now and then into Charles's mind comes a gleam from those three lost years, and he still carries the key that Paula gave him when she kissed him goodbye. I must not tell too much of this plot, because there's really nothing to the film except story. Sidney Franklin's production and Mervyn LeRoy's direction are in keeping with the fictional quality of the whole affair. A distinguished cast support Colman and Garson; particularly effective is Susan Peters as Kitty.

One might expect *"The Black Swan"* to be a first-rate bold-bad-pirate picture. It certainly has the makings of good roustabout cinema fare in Rafael Sabatini's story about a band of cut-throat pirates in the Caribbean some of whom decide to go straight and then lead an adventurous life by tracking down the old gang. Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller wrote the script. Henry King directed an all-around good cast who look luscious in the gaudy technicolor that dresses up the film. But somehow things went haywire. Tyrone Power appears and acts like a rather naughty boy playing pirate. You get slightly giggly when Maureen O'Hara as the beautiful, haughty daughter of Jamaica's governor bites him in the lip and Power, who is no gent, clips her pretty jaw a swift one. You get hysterical when George Sanders (hardly recognizable in a fiery red beard) bashes in a man's head. Even such old standbys as Laird Cregar and Thomas Mitchell spout lines as if they were burlesque. "The Black Swan" is too puerile for adults who will certainly laugh it off; and too sexy for children who will be alarmed by its frank bedmanners and its bloodthirsty high jinks.

For those who like their pictures snappy, cynical, hard, there is *"The Palm Beach Story,"* which relentlessly satirizes every subject it touches upon: marriage, divorce, sex, architects, the rich, men's clubs, parasites, and whatever happens to come before its pretty camera. Written and directed by Preston Sturges, this film like his others takes full advantage of cinema technique. But it is the screwiest and raciest of the Sturges movies. A wife (Claudette Colbert) decides to divorce her husband (Joel McCrea) and marry a millionaire so she can give her husband the ninety-nine million dollars he needs to build a landing field on top of a city. The whole thing is a kind of an absurd modern fairy tale. On the train to Florida she meets up with the Ale and Quail Club, but loses her clothes in the scuffle. Then she meets John D. Hackensacker, 3rd (a parody character if there ever was one, and played to perfection by Rudy Vallee), who has so much money that it has become meaningless. Oh, he writes everything down in his little book, but he never adds up the figures. In Florida John D.'s sister, the Princess, steps into the picture. The Princess has been married and divorced so many times, her present status is rather vague. She is followed by Toto, a foreigner of some sort, but once she sees Joel McCrea (who has to be introduced as Claudette's brother), she's ready to send Toto into the Army. Mary Astor caricatures this wealthy, much married Princess so realistically that the character is almost out of good taste. Joel has her number when he tells her she never thinks of anything but topic A. The story doesn't get anywhere much, but it doesn't intend to. Some of the lines are very funny; some fail to be humorous because they strain too hard to be risqué. The ending is a tour de force trick that show that Sturges was stumped by his own plot. But where the picture excels is in characterization. Sturges has a flair for making cinema people act; not only Colbert, Astor and McCrea, but also Robert Dudley as the Weinie King, and assorted extras in bit roles.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.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No Seeing Eye

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

OF ALL human afflictions, the physical failing which is perhaps most generally tragic is blindness, or so greatly impaired eyesight as to be tantamount to blindness. Of course I do not speak of abnormal and occasional mutilations. The eye more than any other of the senses would seem to be the gateway of the mind. And it seems likewise that there is a greater tragedy in a person who has gone blind after having been able to see than in a person born blind, who can scarcely realizes what he misses. Oedipus at Colonus, led by his Antigone, Samson Agonistes, "eyeless in Gaza," Milton himself.

If one had not known it, the mere fact of Aldous Huxley's having chosen a phrase from Milton's ill-appreciated drama as a title for one of his novels, might have been taken as a hint of his own visual shortcomings. Now, in an extraordinary book, the whole story is there for those who will to read.*

Mr. Huxley tells us, and in scientific terms, exactly what happened to his eyes when they went wrong, when they threatened to fail him completely, and when he applied to them Dr. W. H. Bate's method of visual reeducation. You would not expect such a book to deserve extensive treatment in the pages of a weekly review intended for the general public. And yet because I feel that it emphatically does deserve such treatment, I am singling it out and calling it to the attention of anyone interested not merely in literary curiosities, but in seeing how artistry can overcome matter and how a man can overcome physical difficulties which most of us would resignedly accept.

For the whole process was not as simple as you might suppose. Mr. Huxley has always been in a position to command the best services of orthodox scientific medical men, and for years he was under their care. They did substantially nothing for him. He had by chance to discover an unorthodox treatment, most of which is self-administered, before he began to make progress. Certainly I am not qualified to give any endorsement to the Bates theories, nor does Mr. Huxley feel entirely free to do so. What he does vouch for is the efficacy of the Bates practice, when intelligently applied under the supervision of an experienced and trained practitioner.

But a writer of his capacity could never tell so elementary a story as this without enriching his simple tale from the stores of his own wisdom and observation and from the skill of his talent. "The Art of Seeing" is notable to my mind for two extraordinary characteristics—one implicit and the other explicit. No matter how normal your sight may be, you cannot read these pages without realizing better precisely what you do when you see, when you use your eyes, and I suspect that any self-critical reader could benefit from any number of things which are primarily intended for the afflicted. There is, for instance, the constantly repeated theme of the dangers of staring. I have often wondered why it is that I could never bring myself to look fixedly at a painting for more than a fraction of a second. Indeed my whole system—if one can dignify so simple a thing with so pretentious a name—for looking at pictures has been by means of a succession of quick glances, darting from portion to portion of the canvas, or even leaving the canvas altogether, only to return to it a few moment later. And now I discover, like Molière's character, that I have been using prose all the time. After long years (Oh, *Shadenfreude!*) I feel pleasantly justified in my never having been able to understand people who go up to a painting and quite literally devour it for minutes on end. Mr. Huxley explains that at best all they are doing is to induce a semi-hypnotic trance, at worst, badly straining their eyes, and indulging a bad habit. I wish there were space here to quote from the pages of this book to show how a man who knows how to write can make physical explanations and instructions so crystal clear that they seem foolproof.

The second, and implicit, characteristic is moral. One comes away from "The Art of Seeing" with the feeling that one has met a man who is willing and able to apply to himself a discipline which would frighten and even dismay most of us easy-going denizens of the twentieth century. It is the best sort of discipline, freely and willingly self-imposed for a good purpose, and I am quite sure that it is unconscious. Be that as it may, there is only one word—a hideously abused word—to describe it, and I mean the old-fashioned participle, *edifying*.

*The Art of Seeing: An Adventure in Reeducation. Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.50.

Books of the Week

Homer of New France

Francis Parkman, Heroic Historian. Mason Wade. Viking. $4.50.

A HARVARD-TRAINED writer and the editor of an engaging volume on Margaret Fuller, Mr. Wade has made a valuable contribution to American historiography in this study of Francis Parkman, who along with Bancroft initiated an interest in American history among a neglectful people busy with material affairs and the exploitation of men and natural resources. Despite some bogging down with details and irrelevant minutiae and a lack of broad generalizations and interpretation. Parkman, the partially emancipated Puritan and reasonably scientific historian, stands forth real in Mr. Wade's attractive and readable study.

A Brahmin from Beacon Hill in Boston, the son of a Unitarian parson (as were so many historians and professors of the nineteenth century), the heir of a wealthy grandfather, and a graduate from Harvard College and Law School, Parkman was trained and circumstanced for a life of literary productiveness and complete independence. Even in college, he was planning to write a narrative of the Old French War and he prepared himself with vigorous physical exercises, travels over the trails and battlefields of the French and English for control of North America, and the "grand tour," like an English gentleman of the eighteenth century. Of his wanderings in Sicily, Italy and France, there is a detailed account from his diary—visits to churches, experiences with learned Jesuits, presentation to the Pope, an unappreciative reading of Milner, his sojourn in the Passion-

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ist monastery near the Colosseum, and a cautious admiration for the Catholic Church which upset his provincial Protestantism without resulting in his conversion nor entirely counteracting his inherent hostility to "Romanism" which in later life was somewhat renewed, especially when he penned an essay on the controversial school question in 1890. At any rate he did not follow his cousin Coolidge Shaw on his road to Rome and into the Society of Jesus.

On his return he traveled about the American frontier and found his way over the Oregon Trail at the time of the great migration (1846) and the ill-fated Donner party, and when he could still meet in the flesh Chouteau, "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, Colonel Stephen Kearny, Jim Bridger, and the Mormons on the road to the Great Salt Lake. No wonder Parkman's volume on the Oregon Trail attained the rank of literature, even as did his story of the "Jesuits in North America."

His rigorous life brought invalidism and semi-blindness. In the valley of darkness, he studied through the kindly aid of readers and wrote with heroic courage by means of a frame. Aided by many scholars, by Sparks, Draper, and Schoolkraft as well as by such Catholic figures as Shea, O'Callaghan, Bishop Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Hughes, it was unfortunate that the Jesuits did not realize their opportunity and more cooperatively, according to the author, open their stores of information. Yet on the whole, Parkman glorified the Jesuits and the great figures of New France who opened up an empire and conducted the only successful missionary and trading efforts among the red men. In time even French Canadian critics came to understand this attitude.

Relying on a wealth of original material and secondary publications as evidenced in a critical bibliography, Mr. Wade traces Parkman's volumes, "Conspiracy of Pontiac," "LaSalle and the Discovery of the Great West," "The Old Régime in Canada," "Count Frontenac and New France," "A Half Century of Conflict," and the inspiring "Montcalm and Wolfe," as well as a voluminous list of magazine articles in the way of by-products and footnotes. Modern critics may find Parkman guilty of fine writing, dramatic settings, lack of detachment, uncritical evaluation of evidence, at times, and unhappily on occasion a Puritan and undemocratic tone and a narrowly English view inherited from a Rome-fearing ancestry of deacons more Calvinistic than John Knox. Yet Parkman was a great historian, for he and his works have lived. He told the story of Anglo-Saxon domination of North America. And this volume offers a substantial and adequate, if unannotated, account of his leisured life of labor. RICHARD J. PURCELL.

BIOGRAPHY

Dogsled Apostles. Alma Savage. Sheed. $2.75.

IN "Dogsled Apostles," Miss Savage not only brings the missions of Alaska to us, but brings us to the missions of Alaska. With the turning of the pages we unveil a great picture painted in bold true strokes, of the conquest of a vast strange land by the faith of fearless men.

From the first page, when the young priest Joseph Raphael Crimont, crosses the "interminable stretches of the Pacific," on a small overcrowded cargo ship, to the last, when that same priest, no longer young, celebrates his silver jubilee as Bishop of Alaska, we travel with the Jesuit missioners through a vast wild country, battling against hunger, storm, and glacial stream, making every sacrifice "with joy," as is the Jesuit way.

The whole story of Alaska is in this book, for the history of the territory, with its growth and development, is inextricably tied up with the work of the missioners, who were its true founding fathers. We travel with them up and down the Yukon river in the Land of the Midnight Sun. We build with them on the southern coast, where the winters are soft, and where glaciers of blue ice shine against the sky, while at their feet bloom iris and forget-me-not, and masses of lush green fern. In the heart of the valley of the Tanana night turns into day and day to night. Here little Father Monroe, the "Alaskan Hercules," moves his church intact across the frozen river. We see Father Jette in his little cabin on a bank of the Yukon, completely surrounded by books. They are heaped everywhere about him, even on the floor. He is writing his dictionary of the Tennah Indian language. With his fine, ascetic face bent over the paper as he writes, he looks like Dürer's Saint Jerome, even to the beard, though the lion and the lamb are lacking.

Traveling further north and west, to the habitat of the Arctic Eskimo, we find ourselves on King Island in Bering Sea, with Father La Fortune, whose laughter twinkling eyes shine from a face that has been beaten brown by wind and weather. He loves his native flock and greets them with "a smile and a rush of Eskimo words."

In speaking of Father Lucchesi Miss Savage writes that "once an Italian Cardinal, a relative of his, wrote begging him to return to Italy, where his talents could be used for the greater benefit of the church." Father Lucchesi replied, "The talents I have God gave me to save my soul and it is here in Alaska that I can save it." Still saving his soul Father Lucchesi died at Holy Cross Mission in his eightieth year.

I cannot close without paying tribute to the courageous nuns without whose cooperation the efforts of the missioners must have been in vain. As missions were founded and hospitals and schools were built, the sisters took over, nothing deterred by discomfort and hard work. Caring for the sick with a scarcity of everything necessary for their care; teaching little Eskimo and Indian children who had never been taught the rudiments of cleanliness and decency was all in the day's work. The beautiful mission at Holy Cross on the Yukon as well as the fine hospitals and schools throughout the territory are monuments to the patience and the energy, the courage and the ingenuity of these brave women, of whom Miss Savage says "Angels can wear parkas."

But then a country must surely prosper spiritually that has been placed under the patronage of Saint Therese of Lisieux, as Alaska has been by Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, the Dogsled Apostle.

RENEE COUDERT RIGGS.

FICTION

Crescent Carnival. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. $3.00.

IN A conscientious foreword, Mrs. Keyes hopes that the public will be kind to her book. The public probably will—at least the section of it addicted to oversize novels with Romance of a sort that Mrs. Keyes faithfully duplicates. It takes eight hundred pages to reveal "the passionate and persistent love" of five women. At seventeen, Estelle Lenoir refuses to marry a man who is, on his

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own testimony, a braggart and a spendthrift and a rake. Her life is "ruined" by that refusal and at seventy she is still yearning for her lost love. At seventeen the life of her daughter Marie-Céleste is "ruined," not, apparently because she loved and was loved by a married man, but because on his death she "immures" herself in a Carmelite Convent. At the same time Laure, daughter of Marie-Céleste's uncle and his octaroon mistress, enters the Convent of the Holy Family because of unrequited love for Marie-Céleste's brother. In the next generation Stella—at seventeen!—believes that her life is ruined because her lover has *not* seduced her. However, Patty, also at seventeen, in the best Cinderella tradition, marries Prince Charming, after a betrothal solemnly plighted while he is appearing as co-respondent in particularly unsavory divorce proceedings.

These "romances" are detailed with unpleasant explicitness in the current best-seller mode, with the tedious love-making of a movie scenario, and the mawkish sentimentality of the more lurid Victorian novel. It is hard to be "kind" to the manifest absurdities of the book. Father Fontaine, Marie-Céleste's uncle, reveals no solicitude over his niece's soul, but a very real concern lest her infatuation for Breck postpone her début and thereby frustrate her mother's social ambitions. He commends the "vocations" of his two lovesick nieces, yet in his sister-in-law's Catholic household, "for years it had been understood that Marie-Céleste's name should never be mentioned." There is a noble passage in which the admittedly guilty co-respondent plans with his seventeen-year-old bride-to-be an ostentatious wedding to prove to the world that they have "won through." (There are even worse clichés in the book!) She accepts with equanimity his confession that he must pay his discarded mistress $200,000 blackmail, but she finds it hard to break to him the appalling news that Pearl Harbor has caused the cancellation of the Carnival celebration at which she was to have been Queen.

These trivial, futile, frustrated lives take on a glow of vitality and warmth from their background — New Orleans with its environs—"city of gracious living and carefree enjoyment," of lottery rackets in one generation and Huey Long in the next. It is because what "at first was a sight became an experience" for Mrs. Keyes that she is able to recreate it so magnificently for us. But it is a pity that her enthusiastic acceptance of Creole mores should be extended likewise to morals which are as tawdry and shabby under the glitter of Crescent Carnival as anywhere else in the world. LUCILE HARRINGTON.

HISTORY

The Age of Enterprise. Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller. Macmillan. $3.50.

THIS WORK is referred to by its authors as a social history of industrial America. It is substantially that. No effort is made to present a well-knit story of America's general development, but rather a sustained attempt is made to show the effect upon the nation of changing business practices and concepts. It is not economic history in the narrow sense of the word. Human influences are allowed to register themselves. One who knows American history fairly well will get much satisfaction from the book; to others it may be a bit confusing.

Among some of the well handled topics may be mentioned the long hours and low wages associated with New England manufacturing in the first half of the nineteenth century; the unauthorized issues of stock in connection with railway financing; the corruption of state officials by railway promoters; the relationship of the South to the North in the 1850's; the influence of Spencerian philosophy on American business; the imperialism of 1898 and thereafter; our interference in Latin America; and the farm problem as it took form in the 1920's. The concluding chapters, bringing the book down to date, deal intelligently and incisively with such topics as industry and labor; problems of the city; finance capitalism; and the leadership of business.

Some sections of the book make embarrassing reading, such as the pages dealing with Theodore Roosevelt's efforts to precipitate a needless war with Spain; the enthusiasm of such men as John Hay and Albert J. Beveridge for sheer American imperialism; our arranging of "timely Latin American revolutions, interfering in foreign elections and appropriating foreign customs," and similar practices which we now condemn. Impartial students of history will like this book; the others will not consider it sufficiently "patriotic." PAUL KINIERY.

LATIN AMERICA

Latin America, Its Place in World Life. Samuel Guy Inman. Harcourt. $3.75.

DR. INMAN'S comprehensive survey of Latin America stands foremost among the many appraisals and interpretations which have appeared in recent months. It is obvious that the author has spent many years in the countries described and that it is no mere journalistic *tour de force*. In fluent and pleasant style he has managed to condense in a readable and handy volume quite a complete history of Latin America, its origins and development, his treatment falling into five well-devised categories which serve as a guide to the reader: (I) Who are the Latin Americans? (II) The Hard Road Toward Democracy, (III) The Republics Today, (IV) New Forces, and (V) The American Continent.

Commercial issues, boundary disputes and Pan-American relations are intelligently discussed from an objective point of view, and he displays easy familiarity with Latin American literature, its poets and its thinkers. Delightfully free of the customary errors in misspelling of names and places, it is an example of how a book containing foreign words can be carefully edited.

There are, of course, statements with which one can take issue, such as the worn out hue and cry about the massacre and oppression of the Indians by the Spaniards. But where did the liberation of slaves first take place? And, as on page 169, in referring to Chile, the assertion that "the pace in social reform set by the president (Alessandri) was too rapid; reaction set in. . . . A great opportunity for remaking the nation was lost. . . . The reform president was ordered out of the country and a military leader, General Carlos Ibañez, succeeded him . . ." is unfounded and incorrect. A vast number of reforms merely *proposed* by Alessandri, were actually *passed* only by the so-called reactionary régime.

But such errors are only natural in treating so vast a subject; what is more lamentable is that a man of such broad culture and perception should be so hampered by his evangelical background that he should fail utterly to understand the rôle of the Catholic Church in those countries, whose tenets are as much a part of their inheritance as the rights of Magna Charta so zealously defended by Anglo-Saxons.

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It would be long and tedious to cite his many prejudiced innuendos, and the reviewer quarrels more with the overall lack of comprehension than with individual statements. It should not be utterly impossible for a man of Dr. Inman's obvious intelligence to accept Latin America's Catholicity as part of its "different" cultural background, for until then he will not have crossed the last barrier to a real understanding of his neighbor's spiritual undercurrents. LULU VARGAS VILA.

RELIGION

Ten Decades of Alms. Theodore Roemer. Herder. $2.75.

THIS book should be in every Catholic seminary and missionary society library in the United States. It contains detailed accounts of how the needs of our Catholic dioceses were succored by the Lyons-Paris Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Austrian Leopoldinen-Stiftung and the Bavarian Ludwig-Missionverein for ten decades, from 1822 to 1922.

The hierarchy of the United States appealed for help for poor parishes, Indian missions, and for the religious care of immigrants when these were arriving in overwhelming numbers; they received immediate aid, and their letters of thanks, regularly sent after meetings of National or Plenary Councils in Baltimore, usually met with generously increased donations. In this book, not only are there chronicles of the foundations of the societies that came to their aid (the Austrian and Bavarian ones were founded at their instigation), but also there are lists in dollars and cents of the alms received by each diocese. In addition, the amounts sent to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith from the United States are named. Mention is made of donations to certain religious communities destined to work in parochial schools, and to missionary priests, some of whom traveled at the expense of the societies. Stress is laid on the long continued assistance to the South and to the Indian missions, and also on the solicitude shown for the large colonies of German speaking immigrants in the Middle West.

Any thoughtful reader will understand something of our monetary obligation to European countries during a period of great struggle for the Church here; he will also realize how our own missionary efforts stem from European example: the founders of Maryknoll, for instance, were nurtured in the traditions of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Too much cannot be said of the masterly arrangement, the skillful documentation, the admirable bibliography, appendices and index of this book. Clearly printed in large type, the volume is one that our Catholic scholars and publishers may well note. Too often we have been satisfied with mediocre arrangement and make-up. The author, who is a Franciscan professor of history, must have taken to heart the advice of an early son of Saint Francis to set love in order: "When to My Love thou dost bring charity, even she must come with order girt and gown'd."

D. H. MOSELEY.

A Commentary on the New Testament. The Catholic Biblical Association. St. Anthony Guild. $2.00.

TO COMPOSE a New Testament Commentary in 684 pages, plus an Index and a Glossary of forty pages, is a feat of technical scholarship. Besides containing a valuable introduction on the New Testament Background and essays on the Parables and the Literary Relations of the First Three Gospels, the Commentary allots an introduction of three to four pages to each "book." Some twenty scholars have contributed to the making of the Commentary, and we welcome the result of their labors with gratitude and joy, congratulating the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine for sponsoring a so-much-needed work. Although one would wish for longer treatment of certain passages, e.g., the Mediatorial Office of Christ as set forth in "Hebrews," one must rejoice at the thorough discussion given to most of the vital parts of the various books. The doctrinal and moral contents of the latter are vividly and cogently expounded, often according to topics.

Valuable, too, for the inquirer is a list of further reading recommended for each book. The typography and the paper used in this volume make it a very handy and durable companion to the New Translation—an excellent *vade mecum* for the faithful. RICHARD FLOWER.

WAR

Women in Battle Dress. Russell Birdwell. Fine Editions Press. $2.00.

RUSSELL BIRDWELL crossed the Atlantic on a British diplomatic plane to find material, in an England that had been at war for two years, that might help the people of his own land for whom the war was fast approaching. On a small station platform he saw two soldiers taking a quiet farewell of one another. Then looking more closely he saw that they were husband and wife, one holding a rifle, the other a baby. At once the American knew what his subject would be—women at war, women in battle dress.

In a pleasant easy style, with sentences rather than paragraphs, Mr. Birdwell gives a clear picture of English women at war. His first interview was with Major General Jean Knox, Chief Controller of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the ATS, and from her office he drove to the command post where the gun crews were at their stations. After that—everywhere. The reader feels that he tours the country with the author, meets soldier after soldier, hears story upon story until a great admiration rises in his mind for those who have come forward so quietly and done so well the work that their country demanded of them.

The middle pages of this book contain photographs of the Navy Service (WRENS) the Territorial Service (ATS) and the air force (WAAFS). Nearly one-third of the book is concerned with the Women's Voluntary Service of which Lady Reading is the head, in which more than one million women serve wherever there is need. Towns and villages desolated by air raids have been the chief scene of their activities as canteen workers or casualty staff, as messengers, maids, nurses, photographers, masseuses and a hundred other forms of service.

Women in the United States are asking, "What can I do?" This book was meant to provide an answer, but when its author stepped ashore in New York, he found his nation already plunged in war, and its women already in battle dress. The last two chapters analyze the work we have already done, gives the photographs of its leaders, Oveta Hobby, Mildred McAfee, Alice McLean and Nancy Dove, and attempts to give a partial answer to the question "After the war, what will the women do?"

The book gives an account of a subject which is of vital concern to every one of us. It does well what it proposed to do. MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE.

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The Inner Forum

The Meynells

THE LATEST London *Tablet* to reach these shores reports that Wilfrid Meynell celebrated his ninetieth birthday on November 17. Douglas Woodruff comments: "Few men in their old age can look at their shelves and reflect on such a number of good books which they have helped bring into the world. The visitor to Greatham [in Sussex] who sees a vast wall of books before him is told by his host, 'There has to be some principle of selection, and so those are by personal friends.' It is a justified boast, the proof of sympathies very Catholic and very humane."

Wilfrid Meynell has been an editor, publisher, essayist, poet and literary critic. He has contributed to such periodicals as *Academy, Atheneum, Contemporary Review, Nineteenth Century* and the *Saturday Review* (English). For 18 years he edited the *Weekly Register,* which he began at the request of his friend Cardinal Manning. Through a poem and an essay submitted to his review, *Merry England,* he discovered Francis Thompson in 1888. Meynell found the poet selling matches in order to pay an old debt; he took him into his house where he and Mrs. Meynell nursed him back to health and helped him to break the opium habit. Francis Thompson spent most of the next twenty years, as long as he lived, either with the Meynells or living near by, and this was the period of his greatest work. Wilfrid was the editor of the poet's collected works.

Alice Meynell, who married Wilfrid in 1877, was five years older than he. She had become a convert to the Church ten years before. They had a large family of eight children and collaborated actively for thirty years on Wilfrid's various publishing ventures. She herself was the literary light of the family, excelling as a poet. She seldom wrote anything in verse or essay which lacked distinction. The Meynell family was self-supporting and never well-to-do, but they were lavish in their hospitality. Alice Meynell died in 1922. Her daughter Viola is also an author of note. Her memoir of her mother in perhaps her most distinguished work, but she has published a number of volumes of poetry and short stories.

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the Judgment of THE NATIONS

In "THE CITY OF GOD" St. Augustine says: "Since God, from whom is all being, form and order, has left neither Heaven nor Earth, nor angel nor man, nor the lowest of creatures, neither the bird's feather nor the flower of the grass nor the leaf of the tree, without its true harmony of parts and without as it were, a certain peace, it cannot be believed that He would have willed the kingdoms of men and their subjection to be outside the laws of His Providence." In "THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS"

Christopher Dawson says:

"The basis of our unity—the ground on which we are all agreed—is our resistance to a system which we feel to be inhuman and opposed to everything that Christian men hold dear.

"We are not fighting for any partial end or party ideology, but in order to preserve the values of our entire social and spiritual tradition against forces that threaten to destroy it.

"The cause we are defending is far more fundamental than any government or any political creed. It is bound up with the whole tradition of Western culture: the tradition of freedom and citizenship and of the infinite value of the individual.

"The liberties which we demand are not the right of the strong to oppress the weak or the right of the ambitious to enrich themselves at other men's expense: but the elementary rights which are to the human spirit what air and light are to the body: freedom to worship God, freedom of speech, freedom from want and freedom from fear. Without these man cannot be fully man, and the order that denies them is an inhuman order. What we are defending is humanity itself."

"The Protestant Voice" says:

"Like the fingers of a skilled physician ranging over the bruised and broken body of an accident victim, his learned mind ranges over history, showing the great rents and worn places in the fabric of Western culture. 'The hope of the world' he says 'rests in the last resort on the existence of the seed of unity.' Here is sound reading for the religious leaders of the people." AMERICA says: "The only thing to say about a book like this is that it must be read. No one can neglect it if he expects to help in any way toward the rebuilding of a decent world or even to discuss in an intelligent, Christian way the problems involved."

"THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS" by Christopher Dawson was the October selection of the Catholic Book Club and is one of the ten National Catholic Best Sellers. Price $2.50.

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